



The Lamentatioun

of Lady Scotland Compylit be hir self,
speiking in maner of ane Epistle, in
the Moneth of Marche, the

zeir of God. 1572.

(F)(+)(D)



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Be Robert Lekpzeuik. 1572.

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

To the richt honourabill and godly letre
nit Gentleman the Laird of Dune Mini-
ster of Goddis word, and Superintendent
of his Kirk in Angus, Mernis. &c.
D. R. his humbill Seruant. S.

(F) (* *) (D)

To quhome suld I my Aural beirle direct,
Bot vnto him that can thame weill correct,
Befoir quhome suld this mater ga to licht,
Bot to ane Faithfull Godly Christin Knicht,
To quhome can I this lytill throuch proppne,
Bot vnto ane of Excellent Ingynne,
Not for the termes nor for the worthynes,
Of ony thing that I do heir expres:
Bot for becaus I aucht of bound dewtie
To dedicat to him sum Noueltie.
So bill than to the Laird of Dune I send the,
Beseking him to tak his pen and mend the,
Mend the (alaik) quhy suld he tak that panet
To sicke the ones it will bot vex his brane
For as in sum Schyre chair is bot ane myre
Quhilk is ouir all that man and beist dots ryer
Sa into the he sall bot ane fault find
Quhilk is ouir all befor and als behind.
Sit not the les I know him sa discreit,
Bif he mend not thy beirle and haulting feie
Sit at the leif sa surely he will hyde the
That Doets nane sall se the to diryde the,
Was on than bauldly and to him deploir
This present stait, fair weill I say no moir.

a. ij.

The Lamentation of Lady Scotland
compylit be hir self, speiking in maner
of ane Epistle, in the Moneth of
Marche ye zeir of God 1572.

(F)(+)(D)

Ze vapurs wak and watters in the air
Ze Seyis la deid, ze fludis and fontanis fair
Heir my complaint to zow my care I mene
That ze may wellis gif to my febill ene
To testific with teiris my wofull care
And with zour murning weid absconse my face.

My husband deir gude Johne the comoun weill
To quhome I did all my affairis reueill,
As he to me did in our faithfull dayis
But fraude, or gyle or tressoun our wayis,
Than lusty gay and flurisching wer we.
I rew faithfull Children he begat on me
Sic lufe and faith to vther thay did beir,
That thay knew not quhat beist was Liult weir,
My heid wald not bidane my leggis and feit,
My ene forlaw all perrallis nicht me meit,
My hands and armes ay redde to defend me,
To snib my Children gif thay did offend me,
My body was weill cled with policie,
My hat was of Justice and Equitie,
My Coller of trew Richtbour lufe it was
weill prenit on with kyndnes, and solas.
My Bluffis wer of fre Liberalitie
My Sleissis wer of, to borrow and len glaidlie,
My Laiz and Mailzeis of trew parmanence,

Lady Scotland sayis.

My Stomak maid was of cleue Conscience.
My wait was gyrdit with Sobrietie,
My Leggs and feet schod with Simplicite.
My hart was hallow, my stomach weil disposid,
Of peice and rest my Bowellis wer composid.
Quhat wald ze moir Schir common weil and all
Held hous lang tyme, bot Satan had Anny
To se vs so, than callit he Seditioun
With pryde his Sone to quhome he gaff comitioun
To tak with thame discord and Richtour feid
(Efter I mene that our gude barnis wer deid)
To poyloun me with thair Infectie cryme,
With sum of my awin Children of this tyme,
Of quhilkis I pray the Lord God mak me fre,
Ambitioun will not lat thame aggre,
Thir mony zeiris thay haue me disconfortit,
I trauell zit as I had thame admortit,
The malice greit that ilk to vther beiris,
Dois rype my bowellis with thair Ciuile weiris,
Sair boillit thay my husband common weil,
And maid thair howis with aithis him for to keill.
In ony part quhair thay him with me fand
Quhairfor, for feir he fled from me Scotland.
Away sum sayis to Veneis is he gone,
Or to the Swisches as thay do suppose,
Quhair he is safe from danger, hurt, or skaith,
Heir wald he beir of cauld and hunger baith,
Thus am I left as widows in distres,
For common weil, my bairnis left fatherles.
As Children I had in all vertewis perfect
To peice, and Iustice was thair bail depute,
Sum of displeasure beir for wo, and cair,

Lady Scotland sayis.

Sum wyteit was, and blawin in the air
And sum in Stirling schot was to the deid,
That mair was geuin to peice nor Civile feid.
Bot ane was slane vnto my skaith and schame,
Becaus he socht to fette my husband hame,
He was my deir and best belouit Sone,
All that he did for my weillfair was done,
Lyke ane gude Medciner or gude Syringe,
Of euill humours he did my body purge,
Quhat wald ze moir sen James in Falkland deit,
Rane for my weill, sa weill with me aggret,
Nor zit sa weill did luf Schir Commonn weill,
Nor vnto me bure sic ane feruent zeill,
Murdreist he was in Lythgow traitrouslie,
The murtherars vnto my heid did sit,
Quhair thay tuik hald, and zit dois hald thame fast
And ay sensyne my heid hes bene agast,
For quhy throw faller and Subtiltie,
Thay chaist away Justice, and Equitie,
For laik of quhiks my heid dois wark and laik,
And all my body trymbill, dois and schaik,
For quhen the heid is seik the proverb is
That all the members be the worse I wis.

My claithis ar centin that pietie is to se,
Particular weill hes spuilzeit policie,
My Coller rent is be Dame Fremitnes,
The Wrenis thair of ar rest be sad Mysenes,
Dame Rigartnes my Bluis hes hint away
Tak for him self my Sleis dois rest and stay.
My Lace and Mailzeis tane be variance,
My Stomak worne is be dissimulance,
My belt is cuttit of pure Bluttonie

Lady Scotland sayis:

My legges and feit now schod with Houertie.
My hart is seik, my stomach keipis na meit
My bowells Rumbills, as thay wald vther eir.
Now for to couer all this vilannie
Ane Cloik thay gif me of authoritie,
Authoritie (alaik) na les thay mene
For thay desyre neuer to se thair Quene,
Bot that thay may in hir Name brak offices
With power to cleik vp the benefices.
Nane I excuse on ather syde, for quhy
Ilk ane his awin hous seikis to edify,
And nane dois cair for Commoun weill ane Wyne,

¶ I grant I had ane Douchter was ane Quene
Baith gude and fair, gentill and Liberall,
Dotit with vertewis and wit Naturall,
Prigant in Speit in all things honourabill,
Lusty gude lyke, to all men fauourabill.
Schamefull to euill, baith honest meik and law,
Thir vertewis all, scho had quhyls scho stude abo
Of God Eterne, as of hir Buerknour,
And quhen scho did regard hir hic Honour.
Bot at the last throw filthy speiche and counsell,
That scho did heir of sum curst Kittle vnell,
Fra scho gais eir to sic vyle bawderie
God, Schame, and honour, scho forzet all thre
It wer to lang the vices to reheirle
Quhairin from thyne scho did hir self exerce.
The Reider wald thame thuk maist Insolent,
Bot I thame leif becaus thay ar Recent.
For quhilk scho was thocht vnworthy to King
Ane Crowne to brak, or ony Royall thing.
Sa all my Children with hir awin consent

Lady Scotland says.

Deposit hir in oppin Parliament
Than wald scho that thay trow hit awin sone to wne
Dubilk thing thay dro, sa Syce up and Stik to wne
God saue his grace, for quhy the same is he
In me that hes the trow authoritie.

Prailit be God I haire sic at command
That fair young Prince, in Stirling my richt hand.
Wer not in hope I left to se that day

That he sall purge this foull humours away,
And me restoir agane vnto my helth,

Sea, caus my Children flourish in all welth.

Wer not he is brocht up in all gude thing

Affeiring to ane Godly Prince and King,

Be gude Lord Deddy my trow faithfull friend

Sum of ane race of men to me maist kynd.

For Lady Minnie I dar tak in hand

Happy is he hes sic ane Bouvernand.

Wer not this things, that maks me led in hope

At libertie to se this Lyon scope,

One day to Rose, and Ramp vpon his fois,

To bring thame law, that now sa proudly gois,

Wer not this things I say and others mo

I wald despair, and die for paine and wo.

To sow Vapours and watters in the air

And seys la Seip, I doone my plaint declair,

Se sevis I say, gif passage and ze can

Will sum Faithfull to bring hame my gude man.

And ze my Wikk my Faithfull Mother deit

That purgit art of Channoun, Monk, and Freir,

Of Papist Priest, Papist and Papistrie

Bot not allace, clere of Hypocrasie,

Of auarice, pryde and ambition

Thocht

Lady Scotland sayis.

Thocht ze haue left all Superstitioun.
I grant the word of God is trewlie preicht
And in the schullis Exercise trewlie teicht,
Sit sayis the Commounis ze do not your office,
For vpaland thay haue not dew seruice.
The rowmis appointit pepill to confidder
To heir Gods word, quhair thay suld pray togidder
Ar now conuertit in scheip Coits and Faulkis,
Or ells ar fallin, becaus nane thame vphauldis.
The Parische Kirks I mene thay sa misgyde
That nane for wynd and rane thairin may byde.
Thairfor na plesure tak thay of the tempill
Nor zit to cum quhair nocht is to contempill,
Bot Crawis and Dowis cryand and makand beir
That nane throuchly the Minister may heir:
Baith Fedders fylth, and Dounge dois ly abro
Quhair folk suld sit to heir the word of God,
Quhilk is occasioun to the aduersaries
To mok and scoyne sic things befoir your eyes.
Thus to disdane the hous of Disoun
Dois mak folk cauld to thair Denotioun
And als thay do disdane to heir Gods word
Thinking the same to be ane Resting bord,
Thay go to labour drinking or to play
And not to row vpon the Sabbath day,
Sa thay prouoke the wraith of God allace,
Quhilk hes maid me to fall in this distres.
Sit suld I not blame zow that sic dois perische
Bot Lords and Lairds, & Comouns of ilk Parische,
The quhilk wer wont for to caus euerie pleuch
In vphalding the Kirk to pay aneuch.
To do the same ze suld thame zit exhort

Lady Scotland sayis.

Togidder that thay suld the pure support.
The Proverb is of Malice Kirk and brig
Better in tyme to be it, nor efter to big.
Ye Collegis and Uniuersitie,
That to all others suld exempill be,
I se your tempills cassin downe and reuin,
The maist part ar bot theikit with the heuin.
This quhilk to you I do sa planely wyte
The Commonis speiks of you and dois bakbyte
Amend sic things I humblic you beseik,
And dit the mouths of chame that sa dois speik.
Making your lyfis and Conuersatiouns
To preiche and teiche lyk vnto your persouns.
It suld be ye Mother suld me Instruct
It suld be ye to Christ suld me conduct.
It suld be ye suld schaw me the richt way
How I suld serue my God baith nicht and day
It suld be ye that suld do diligence
For to aggre this Ciuile difference.
It suld be ye throw Preiching suld me muse
To Chericie and freindly Nichtbour luse,
It suld be ye that suld gif gude exempill
Of lyfe and works to chame dois you contempill.
It suld be ye that suld be at all tyme
Clene without spot, and purgit of all cryme.
It suld be ye Mother, it suld be ye
To quhome the pepill suld giue eir and ee,
It suld be ye shortly I say no moir,
That to all bettewis suld you Indeuoir.
And ye my Barrouns and Nobilitie
That dois oppres my pure Communite,
Quhair is your wit, your resoun sence and feist

Lady Scotland sayis.

To fle away my husband Commoun weill,
Quhat haue ze wyn sensyne, lat se your ganis?
Bar pryse your proffeit & esteeme your panis,
The panis I wair, the proffeit will surmont,
A greit daill moir nor ze can mak your compt,
I find sensyne the Tow hes bozne the bell,
wyfis Maisters bene in geuing haill Counsell.
To Lords and Lairds I speik generallie
As may be sene allace our weill on me.
Hwme Hungry Brange, and all ze of that syde
Behald now how ze do the mater gyde,
To caus my Sisters France & England scorne you,
That walterars of Courts ze lat suborne you,
Sit ze and thay did sweir with aithis conding
And did sybscryue to be trew to the King.
In takin quhair of with all ze did aggre
To Crowne and place him in authoritie.
Bif ze wick weill your deids aue day will schaw
For raising fyre aganis my actis and law,
In balding towns and strenths your King aganis,
Putting the rest of your bzyether to panis,
Whome I excuse not as I said befoir
For I persais ambitiou and vane gloir
And gredynes, to reule dois blind you baith,
Whilk dois redound to my greit hurt and skaith.
Your tennents pleuzeis that thay at opprest
Be you and yours, that dois thame soir molest,
Ze hicht your mailis, your pleuchs ze dowbil onyame
Thay tyme thair tyme at sic things to opone your
For na rest will ze get into your raggs
Bif sum sect knaw that thay hane geir or baggs.
Your Nichtingails will sing sa in your ciris,

Lady Scotland sayis.

That ze sall nichtly haue Domestik weiris,
Zone Earle (quod scho) my Flap dois beinly dwell
And all prouisioun hes within him sell
In barne, in byre, in haff Birnell and Seller
His wyfe weiris weluot on hir Bowne and Colter,
Thay ar sa riche, that thay do vs misknow,
Than better sone to drug nor lait to draw
Sone is his Bescum hichtit and his Wyallis,
Him self growis waik, his geir and houshold failis
Quhair sic wer went to haue Guse Cok and Hen
B Reid drink and bedding to treit honest men,
Now drink thay Mylk, and Swairs in steid of Aill,
And glaid to get Peis b Reid and watter Cail,
Quhair sic wer went to ryde furth to the weir
With Flak and Sword, gude hors Knapscall & speir
Quhair sic wer went branely to mak thame bowne
With Lord or Laird to ryde to Burrowis toone,
Quhair sic wer went at all Games to be reddey
To schuit or loup, for to exerce thair body,
Now mon thay wrik and labour pech and pant
To pay thair Maisters Maillis exorbitant.
Kyeue out the Mures, the bestialls gers inrak
Thay ar sa wark thay dow not beir a Flak.
And gets wark bairns enill nureist in distres,
Sa be sic wayis my Commons dois dicres
My torment sair constrynis me this to speik
Na merwell quhy, for I am wondrous sark.
Beseking zow my seknes to remeid
Quhilk may be done, ceissing zour Curle fetter.
To follow Christ and his Commandement,
Quha said befor his last department
Alk one hife vther with sic freindly lufe

That

Lady Scotland sayis.

That ze may be the bairnis of God abuse,
And cleith zow with fair Barments clene & quhyte,
without malice, contentioun or dyspyte,
Aganis my cūning, quhilk trewly salbe
Quhen ze leist wene in twinkling of ane ee.
Thus said the Lord to zow and to all men
That be thir marks thay sall Gods children ken.
Heirfoir my Nobills seik peice do that ze can
To follow Christ and chais away Sathan,
with his Supposits and all that taks in hand
For to diuorse me from my gude husband.

Now ze my Burges, Craftis & Merchand men
And ze my Commonis with my hynd zemen,
To zow I haue sum purpois for to say
How, quhen, and quhy, my husband fled away,
First thair come in lurkand vpon zour gait
Wyde and Inuy, with falsset and dissait.
Thir four socht ludging all the towne about
Quhat suld thay seik lang tyme thay lay thairout.
Till ane Zule euin zour wyfes to counsall went.
I haue spok ane Lawers wyfe baith trym and gent,
Cūmers (good scho) it is pietie to se
Folk in a towne for cauld and honger die,
It is mair schame in Burgh for to se beggers
Nor it is skaith in Crammont to want dreggers.
Quhairof dois serue our greit cheir and fair bigging
Bot for to help the pure that gais a thigging?
Quhairof dois serue our husbands gold and rent
Bot to lustene the pure and Indigent?
Sit lat vs ludge zow twa that gais befoir
Wyde and Inuy, gif we will do no moir.
And gif our husbands speirs quhy did we so

Lady Scotland sayis.

Answer we may we left thame vther two.
Now gif ze pleis Cummers I fall begin
This same could nicht to tak ane of thame in,
we knaw thame not (quod thay) hot tak ze ane
we must not leif the vther bird alane.
Sa thay did skail, and scho tuke with hir pryde
And on the mozne scho come furth lyke ane byde,
with hir new Baist als pround as ane Daycok,
And in hir hart scho did hir Cummers mok:
Quhilk quhen thay saw, with spcid thay ran in hy
And for dyspyte amangs thame ludgeit Inuy,
In counterfuting hir in all kin thingis,
Courche, Coller, Cloik, Belt, Braillets & Rings.
Than wor the Lawers wyfe richt prounde in hart
Bot zit hir Cummers callit scho apart,
Saying Cummers, quhat is the caus and quhy
That in dyspyte of me ze treit Inuy?
Becaus (quod thay) that ze alone tuk pryde,
And thocht that we suld not marche zow belyde.
Thairfoir we thocht, in that point ze did wzang vs,
Aggre (quod scho) and ludge thame baith amang vs
Quhilk thing thay did, and all did condiscend
To treit and keip thame to the warldis end.
Thus hes zour wyfis thir twa tane to be thairs,
And left the vther twa for zour affairs,
Quhilk seing ze and zour wairs gros and grof
And with zour wyfis thir two so muche maid of,
Ze gros geir left, and went for wyne and spycis,
Frenche clait and silks for to cleith vp thir byces,
Quhilks for to cut with dowbill met and mesure
The vther tway ze ludgeit at thair plesure.
Quhat wald ze moir ze wait weil quhat I mene

Disinge

Lady Scotland sayis.

Dislinge thame now and chais thame from yow clene

The Hammer men, ze that maks schois & claiths
Ze treit thir twa with mony manelwozne aiths,
And ze lykewise all Crafts in Generall
Alaik I seill zow to thame bound and thzall,
Mairour your drinking Extraordinair
Maks off your wyfis and bairns cuill to sair,
When ze wald drink in hous ze may be bauld
To do the same at hame with your houshould.
All byganis mend in tyme to cum laik ze,
Begyle na man bot wrik your wark trewlie.

To yow my Commons quhat mair can I saye
I pietie yow as far furth as I may,
Now pure ze ar, zit purer wald ze be
For vsing proud pure Prodigalitie.
Thair is na Lord nor Laird in all this land
Bot ye man counterfait in claiths fra hand,
Fra top to ta, thocht ye suld beg and borrow,
Johnc ga your way for it will not be forzow
Ze suld your ground grube with Simplicite,
And mak your claiths conforme to your degre.
Bot ye your wyfe and bairns can tak na rest
Without ye counterfait the worthiest,
Bust brawlit hois, Coit, Dowblet, sark and scho,
Your wyfe and bairns conforme mon be thairto
Leif of, and leirne your bairns to saw and terll,
Sic doings chaist away the Common weill.
All thir foirfals that I haue done rehris
That Lords, Lairds, Ladys, & Lawers dois exerce,
Birk, Burges, Merchand, Commons Crafts and all
Des haill the wyte of this my wofull fall.
Amend heirfor, and call to God for Grace,

Lady Scotland sayis.

Beseiking him to gif vs rest and peace.
In our lyfe tyme that we may trewly knawe
One God Eterne, ane Faith, ane King, ane law,
And at the last to bring vs to his gloir
To King with him in blys for ever moir. Amen.

The Conclusioun be B. K. to all and sum.

Call that this reids the mater sad will think
Sum that this heiris I wait will discommende
Thocht all and sum heir at partly do schrink
It soyr I that thay suld be offendit
Heirfor I wald that this wer blythlie endit
For to mak all oʒ sum lauch at the last
Than all and sum sall heir in tyme bypast
When Fornicatioun baldin was na cryme
How that sum Prelats did walk pray and fast
And serue in Kirk according to that tyme.

¶ A Prelat ane day in his bed to sport him
Did clap his lufe with kissis soft and sweit
In this meane tyme thair was to recomfozt him
Heirtryks and Pleuers pyping on the speit
Than up he rais, and maid him for thame mett
With gude quhyte wyne and all the pertinence
When he had tane this on his Conscience
He gaf ane greit pech lyke ane weil fed sick
Och Lord (quod he) now gif me patience
What stres tholl we to serue thy haly Kirk

¶ A B K S.



